

1992

## Revolution

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# Revolution

Diana slashes through the asphalt navy night,  
Dragging tide legions from sincerity's seas,  
Dueling the dark shroud with her battery of light,  
To part the purple blood of the blighting blind disease.

Her torch sets fire to the petrified trees.  
Ashes forge the Phoenix forest wild and untamed.  
The rain-washed ruins are swallowed by the seas.  
Life bursts from its cages new and unashamed.

The hunt burns onward through the blanket of cement.  
The prey are lies and the penance is sight.  
The predator pleads for focus from the Babel government.  
The Phoenix paints the smog dome rainbow with its flight.

The locusts scream through bullhorns to help Diana fight.  
They institute what the institution maimed.  
The harnessed Phoenix is maneuvered like a kite.  
The doves of chirping chanters charter black hills left  
unclaimed.

Diana spots the virgin hills beyond the tenement.  
Power lines crack one hill like the liberty bell.  
It is the boot hill where the burnt out lords of light are sent,  
Where catalysts dubbed eclectic find a refuge from the spell.

The half-dead firefly climbs from the screaming locust well.  
The drowning idiot bugs are crushed beneath her feet.  
They bite her blisters and tug her towards their hell.  
She seeks a sanctuary from the screams of her defeat.

They fall in layers, a new blanket of fresh blood.  
They break their covenant to the promise land.  
At the base of the mount the prophet slips in the red mud,  
And feels fulfillment slipping through her hand,  
A dinosaur in the crimson quicksand.

– Matt Wanat '95